

THE WARD HEALER

Weekly Chatter of U. S. Army Hospital No. 12

Vol. V—No. 6

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May 3, 1919



CAPTAIN GEORGE B. DICKSON, M. C.
DETACHMENT COMMANDER

U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL NO. 12

AND

U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19

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We are handling a good many of the Soldiers' Accounts and we will welcome your business

THE WARD HEALER

WEEKLY CHATTER OF U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL NO. 12

IT IS NOT IN MORTALS TO COMMAND SUCCESS, BUT WE'LL DO MORE, DESERVE IT

VICTORY LOAN PARADE

The Liberty Loan Parade of last Tuesday was one of the best we have seen in Asheville and should certainly inspire the people of this city to put their portion over the top with but little difficulty.

The parade was led by Mr. Jenkins, escorted by city police officials, then followed the Boy Scouts who made a very good appearance, next came the Girl Scouts, and the good order coupled with their military step speaks very well for the training they are receiving.

Next in line came the employees of the Asheville Banks followed by the Morganton Band whose lively music helped materially to keep the paraders in good marching order.

Col. Lyster led the Azalea contingent with several members of his staff mounted, medical detachment men from Azalea followed and are to be complimented on their splendid military appearance, following the detachment came several automobiles of officers and patients and the ambulances brought up the rear. The Kenilworth men were led by Major McCreary and twenty-five officers of his staff all mounted, and followed by the detachment under the command of Lt. Sanders. We felt mighty proud of our boys who stepped out like veterans, and kept the line as straight as an arrow. Some of our officer patients from overseas followed in automobiles and also a number of overseas nurses, then came a float crowded with patient nurses from overseas and a float bearing Reconstruction Aides showing several patients learning reconstruction work, then came the Asheville Home Guards followed by the Philathea class in a beautiful flowered float. The red coats of the Knights of Pythias made a bright spot in the parade, and their bugle and Drum Corps rendered some stirring calls.

Then came the Soldiers Mothers'

Club each carrying a service flag, following came the Canteen Workers in their blue uniforms followed by several Red Cross floats, then a number of Victory loan floats, were followed by the School Girl's Reserve, all dressed in white, and they in turn were followed by the Victory Gardeners, who made a great showing with their rakes and hoes and general enthusiasm. Next followed a contingent of unionmen and one rather unfortunate circumstance occurred at this point in the shape of a float filled with colored gentlemen floating the Stars and Stripes upside down.

The Asheville Mica Company were followed by a large number of floats decorated by the Asheville Creamery Co.

In the parade were represented men women and children in every kind of activity and there can be no doubt that Asheville fully appreciates its duty and will as usual go over the top with a good margin.

— BUY W. S. S. —

THE MINSTREL SHOW

The Soldiers' Minstrel Show held at the Auditorium last Wednesday night under the direction of Joe Downie scored a big hit with the aid of the Asheville ladies who took part. The opening chorus of 60 people made a most attractive scene and their songs were greatly enjoyed. Sgt. Feinstein's solo was very well received. Next a song by Miss Margaret Martin received much applause. Sgt. Mindheim sang his Alcoholic Blues and gave a monologue which went over big. Mrs. Claverie in her Buck and Wing Dance and Ja Da Ja Da brought roars of laughter from the audience. Miss Mary Hamilton sang "Carry be back to Old Virginia" with splendid effect. Then came Miss Blanche Loftain who delighted the audience with her song. Sgt. Feldherr sang "Salvation Nell" a new song in which he made quite a hit. During

the intermission the orchestra played several well known pieces.

Following the intermission the Oteen Saxophone Quartette appeared with many pleasing pieces and were rewarded with a great deal of applause. George Heald went big as usual in his impersonating act. Joe Downey and Secy, Grace in songs and monologue were enthusiastically received. Then came one of the most popular events when the Oteen entertainers sang "How you going to keep them down on the farm."

Polley with some feats of magic gave an interesting performance which met with the approval of the audience judging from the applause he received.

Miss Martin then sang "Moonlight down in Dixie" with a chorus of 10 Asheville ladies and made a decided hit.

Sgt. Mindheim "The Black Cloud" brought the house down and gave one of the best black face acts we have seen.

The Grande Finale of 90 voices singing "Welcome Home" finished a show which was greatly enjoyed by all present and we think that Joe Downie and all the people who took part in this production deserve a great deal of credit for the very creditable performance they gave.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Capt. Jos. E. J. King was a most welcome visitor at the hospital this week, and in his usual hearty manner made a point of saying "hello" to everybody. The Captain returned to his post at Cape May on Thursday afternoon.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Own shares in Uncle Sam, unlimited the surest, safest, most glorious enterprise on earth. Buy W. S. S.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Buy War-Savings Stamps weekly; help your money grow, and help Uncle Sam grow.

Are you going to visit the "big town?"

When you finally decide to take that long anticipated trip to New York don't forget that the New York War Camp Community Service has elaborate arrangements for your entertainment. Whether you wear bars on your shoulders, stripes on your sleeve or neither, the W. C. S. will assure you a pleasant stay.

Three following clubs are available for the use of officers; Aero Club of America, 297 Madison Avenue for officers of the air service. Meals served if desired. Allied Officers' Club, 14 E. 30th St. Meals and lodging supplied to non-resident officers. American Flying Club, 11 E. 38 St., for officers of the air service. Rooms and board at moderate rate. Brooklyn Officers' House, 121 Joralemon St. Quarters and meals furnished at moderate prices. Central Park Officers' House, 12 E. 67 St. Rooms and board may be secured. Juniors Officers' Hospitality House, 344 Lexington Ave. Officers may room and dine. Junior Officers' Home, 2 W. 53 St., lodging and meals supplied at a moderate fee. Officers' House 3 Hudson Sts., Hoboken, N. J. Officers with wives will find these quarters very attractive. Officers' House 121 E. 21 St. Never closed and meals may be had at all hours. Officers' House, 152 Riverside Drive, lodging and breakfast may be had here.

Special programs are given at the Pershing Club for officers, with dancing every evening from 8:30 o'clock until 11:30 o'clock with occasional cabaret. Mail may be directed in care of this club if a visit is contemplated.

Various other bureaus have been established for the use of officers while in New York, including: Convalescent bureau, entertainment bureau, shopping bureau and many others of vast value as time savers and for convenience.

Enlisted men are cared for at 55 West 27th Street by W. C. C. S. unit No. 5

When you arrive in New York make the War Camp Community Service quarters your first stop, whatever you wish they can be of assistance

To All in the Office of the Surgeon General:

As director of the Medical Department of the Army, I wish to ask every officer and enlisted man on duty in this office and every civilian employee to do his utmost to exceed in the Fifth Victory Loan the total subscribed to any previous loan by the Medical Department of the Army. The personnel of the Medical Department has in no sense been laggard and in each loan has "gone over the top" with splendid enthusiasm and has each time set a new high total of subscriptions. This may be the last Liberty Loan, so let us get behind it with every bit of effort and enthusiasm in us, that it may gain irresistible momentum and set a mark that will rank high among those of other departments of our government.

There is little to explain to those who have been so close to governmental activities the reasons for the Fifth Victory Liberty Loan. The men of the army are still overseas and we must bring them back. If money is all that is needed, they will come rushing back on a tidal wave of dollars.

This country told 2,000,000 of them to go. Without question they went and won. Now they say, "Where do we go from here?" Your bond gives them the answer, "Home." It's an honor debt. Make good your promise to these boys. You said, "Go over and win, we'll get you back when the job is done." Now make good.

To you who feel that the war is over and sentiment and patriotism are things of the past, the Fifth Victory Loan bonds pay four and three-quarters per cent interest and as a commercial proposition are unequalled.

What department of the S. G. O. will get 100 per cent subscriptions first and how many can we have before the loan is over?

Let's put this loan over.

(Signed) M. W. IRELAND,

Surgeon Gen. of the Army.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Benjamin Franklin said: "Little strokes fell great oaks." Every Thrift Stamp brings nearer a War-Savings Stamp.

A war service medal to be known as the Victory Medal, will be awarded by the War Department to all officers and enlisted men, who saw active service in the army for 15 days or more any time between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, and whose service was honorable. The medal will not be issued however to members of the Students Army Training Corps.

To distinguish service in battle, the department will award battle clasps to officers or men who actually participated under orders in any one of twelve engagements overseas, as follows: Somme defensive; Somme offensive; Lys; Aisne; Montdidier-Noyon; Champagne-Marne; Aisne-Marne; Aisne-Marne; Ypres-Lys; St. Mihiel; Meuse-Argonne, and Vittorio-Veneto.

Clasps will be awarded to officers and men who served overseas but who did not participate in any of the battles. These clasps will be awarded to those who saw service in France, Italy or England between April 6, 1917 and November 11, 1918 and to those who saw any service in Siberia or European Russia, irrespective of date.

A bronze star will be placed on the service ribbon for each battle clasp awarded. If an officer or man has been cited for gallantry in action, but not justifying the award of a medal of honor, distinguished service cross or medal he will wear a silver star for each such citation.

The Medical Department of the army will make an exhibit at the meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City in June. Col. C. F. Craig, curator of the army Medical Museum has been designated by Surgeon General Ireland to prepare this exhibit. Part of the exhibit now on view at the Army Medical Museum in this city will be used, but medical officers are requested to confer with Colonel Craig regarding other material to be exhibited.

As the Atlantic City exhibit will afford the medical department an excellent opportunity of presenting its work during the war to the medical profession, it is desired that the exhibit be made as complete and representative as possible.

Port of Missing Men

EASTER!

That word had an added meaning this year in two Pennsylvania homes, for thru the Port of Missing Men two mothers were made supremely happy by hearing that their sons in the American Expeditionary Forces were alive and well. It was the happiest Easter in the memory of those Pennsylvania families.

So you see the Port of Missing Men is still bringing joy to many homes and each week is expanding and extending the scope of its influence. Remember, boys, that this column needs your help. If any of you had lost that dog at home you would soon advertise and be mighty glad to get him back, wouldn't you? So this is advertising for something much more important—human beings. Think of this kind, and scan every inquiry in the paper. If you were in the same outfit with any of these boys or met them in a "Y" or "K. C." hut, or some army hospital, get busy and write to the person making inquiry. Bring happiness to a home.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Dobson, Wilson B., Lieut., Co. A, 16th Inf. Reported missing in action October 9, 1918.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Graichen, Theodore, 39th Division. Inquiry from Miss J. R. Chrisian, 245 E. 239th St., New York City.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Huges, Charles M., Pvt., Co. B, 316th Inf., 89th Div. Last heard from Sept. 20, 1918, on going to the front. Inquiry from (Miss) Beatrice Hughes, 130 Third Avenue, Astoria, L. I.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Ince, Parick James, Pvt., Co. I, 346th Inf. Last heard from on Aug. 13, 1918, on leaving Camp Dix for France. Inquiry from M. White, 217 W. 66th St., New York City.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Johnston, Harley W., Pvt., 17th F. A. Last heard from two months ago.

Inquiry from E. P. Oliver, 1126 Market St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Kodish, P. F. C., Co. B, Horse Section, 1st Div., Ammunition Train.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Gideon, Fred, Pvt., Co. E, 26th Inf. Last heard from Oct. 2, 1918, at Camp Hospital No. 2, A. P. O., No. 727. Inquiry from Miss Louise Nussbaum, 117th E. 89th St., New York City.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Loftis, Benj. Frank., Pvt., Co. G, 118th Inf., 30th Div. Last heard from two months ago in an English hospital. Inquiry from (father) J. Loftis, Route 4, Pelzer, S. C., c. o. D. P. Davenport.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Ludwig, Henry H., Pvt., C. M. 310th Inf., 78th Division. Reported wounded in action October 19; last heard from Oct. 15. Inquiry from Mrs. H. Ludwig, 506 11th Ave., New York City.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Morrison, Ross., Pvt., Co. B, 16th Inf., A. E. F. Last heard from June 20, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. C. Wolfe, 22 Garden St., Ridgefield Park, N. J.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Pullen, Willard F., Pvt., Co. H, 61st Inf. Reported wounded severely in action on Nov. 10. No word since. Inquiry from (mother) Mrs. Edw. P. Pullen, 77 Gamewell St., Hackensack, N. J.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Romano, Lawrence F., Cpl., Co. M. 305th Inf. Reported killed in action Oct. 5, 1918. Inquiry from F. P. Romano, Box 356, Huntington, N. Y.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Schnarr, Geo. Benj. H., Pvt., 13th Co., 5th Reg., U. S. Marine Corps. Reported wounded in battle July 21, 1918. Unofficially reported died of wounds in hospital. Inquiry from L. K. Williamson, 284 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, N. J.

Scofield, Frank E., Pvt., Co. E, 103rd Inf., 26th Div., A. E. F. Last wounded in action, July 18, 1918. Inquiry from (mother) Mrs. Rachael Scofield, 56 Fort St., E. Norwall, Conn.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Shae, John M., Pvt., Co. A, 38th Inf. Last heard from Nov. 5, 1918, when reported as gassed on Oct. 6, 1918. Inquiry from (sister) Miss Anna V. Shea, 87 E. 108th St., New York City.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Smith, Edward C., Pvt., Co. D, 106th Inf., 7th Div. Last heard from Sept. 27, reported as prisoner of war. Inquiry from (Mrs.) Nora E. Smith, 331 Fenimore St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Smith, Henry L., Pvt., Co. D, 506th Engineers. Last heard from August. Inquiry from Mrs. Sallie Smith, 8 W. 131st St., New York City.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Stacy, Vernal, Pvt., Co. D, 308th M. G. Batt., has been missing since October 27. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. J. N. Stacy, Mulkeytown, Ill.

— BUY W. S. S. —

McCarter, Jesse, Co. G, 125th Inf. reported missing in action since Oct. 15th 1918. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. Belle McCarter, Route A, Carlisle, Ind.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Brown, Henry, Co. G, 807th Pioneer Inf., no word since Sept. 19. Inquiry from wife, Mrs. Essie L. Brown, 126 Lelia Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Green, V. Gideon, Co. E, 318th Engineers, last heard from the latter part of October. Inquiry from Miss Opal Green, Mapleton, Kans.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Shannon, Edward, Sgt., M. G. Co., 353rd Inf., unofficially known to have been wounded and taken to hospital about Nov. 2. Inquiry from Miss Opal Green, Mapleton, Kans.

THE WARD HEALER



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G. C. Cobb.....Art Editor
Pvt. R. E. Hallock.....Business Manager
Pvt. Jack Cooley.....Asst. Art Editor

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Capt. Jens Christensen.....Censor

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BE A SOLDIER

YOU are serving beneath the banner of the Stars and Stripes. You are enlisted in the service of the greatest, the grandest and noblest country beneath the stars. You are wearing the khaki which distinguishes you as one of the chosen sons of this great land. You should be proud, then, to be a soldier of the U. S. A., and should do everything within your power to bring honor and distinction to the nation to whom you have sworn allegiance and pledged your life, your fortune, and your sacred honor.

Do you not wish to be a real soldier, one in fact as well as in name? You are in the army now and above everything else, first and last, you are a soldier. No matter how high or how low you are, no matter how significant your line of duty, you are a soldier. You are not a hollow-chested "civie" leaning against a lamp post with hands in his pockets, but you are a proud, manly, red-blooded Sammy. Make it short and snappy, then. You are in the army—you wear army clothes, you eat army beans, you sleep on army cots—you should do everything in a military way. Even your kissing (if you do any) should be done by the numbers.

A real soldier is courteous. "Manners differ the whole world over, but true politeness is everywhere the same." A real soldier salutes his superior and does it, not so much because he has to, but because he feels

he should do so—because he wants to. And he knows how to salute. He doesn't turn his back on an officer or ignore him, neither does he sit on the ground or on a dry goods box while an officer passes by. He wouldn't do it in a training camp or in France, and if he has any pride in his post he won't do it here. With him it is always "ladies first," on the street car or any where else. There is the breeding of the crusader and the cavalier in him. He is a soldier, not a rookie. He is an honor, not a disgrace, to the uniform which he wears.

A real soldier is obedient. He obeys the commands of his superiors immediately, unhesitatingly, unquestionably. He snaps into it. In the language of Tennyson, who has given us our best definition of a soldier, it is not his to make reply, not his to reason why, his but to do and die. Obey your orders even if you know they are wrong. Obey and execute first, complain, if necessary, afterwards.

A real soldier is neat and tidy in his dress. He is spick and span. It does not take a weekly inspection to make him keep his shoes polished, his face shaved, his hair cut, his clothes clean and well pressed. He was a respectful gentleman when he was a civilian and he will certainly be one now that he has become a soldier.

The war is over, the Hun crushed, the battles in arms are done, and you need not be told to be brave, bold, and courageous, faithful and loyal. But there are battles still to be fought, inglorious and laborious tho they seem. Won't you fight them day by day with the same heroism and self-sacrifice that characterized our lads who went over the top in No Man's Land?

Be a soldier! Be proud of your calling, and bring honor to your country, your mother, and your God. George Washington's mother used to say to him, "Be a man, George, be a man." Let me say to you, be a soldier, son, be a soldier.

— BUY W. S. S. —

THE SPIRIT LIVES

Easter tide, bringing in the glory of nature's resurrection, has passed, but it's message remains.

The spring flowers, heaped upon the altars of our faith and filling all our sanctuaries with their fragrance and the spell of their tender beauty, have

faded with the dimming echoes of our triumph songs but from the inspiration of their passing we feel anew the thrill of that grand assurance, "The Spirit Endures."

It is reestablished in our hearts that "the vigor of the great truth never dies." Such is the strength of those sterling elements of courage, faith and loyalty. Such is the immortality of a noble patriotism. Such is the spirit of a nation founded on the worthy principles of justice, freedom and truth,

The patriotism of America is not a flame which flared in olden days and which threatens to smoulder out at the new call for service. The spirit of our heroes cannot be conquered by time. The zeal of Columbia's free-men belongs to no single epoch of their might.

Our deepest emotion is stirred by the maxims which thrilled our sires in other years—

"Give me Liberty or give me Death."

"Don't give up the ship."

"Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute."

"My only regret is that I have but one life to give my country."

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

"My country, may she always be right, but right or wrong, my country."

The spirit of these ringing words lives today. They were uttered for causes that we honor as our lives. The feelings they call up in us are kindred to the thrills we knew when "Old Glory" was carried past by the sons of Democracy on their way to Chateau Thierry, the Marne and the Argonne, they are the natural forerunners of that immortal sentence, "Lafayette, we are here."

Now comes the Victory Loan, as the natural outcome of the billions of wealth and millions of men we pledged and gave when autocracy threatened to cast its black shadow over all the earth. We are asked to lend for the cause of our new heroes, as noble patriots as we gave for the cause of freedom and right.

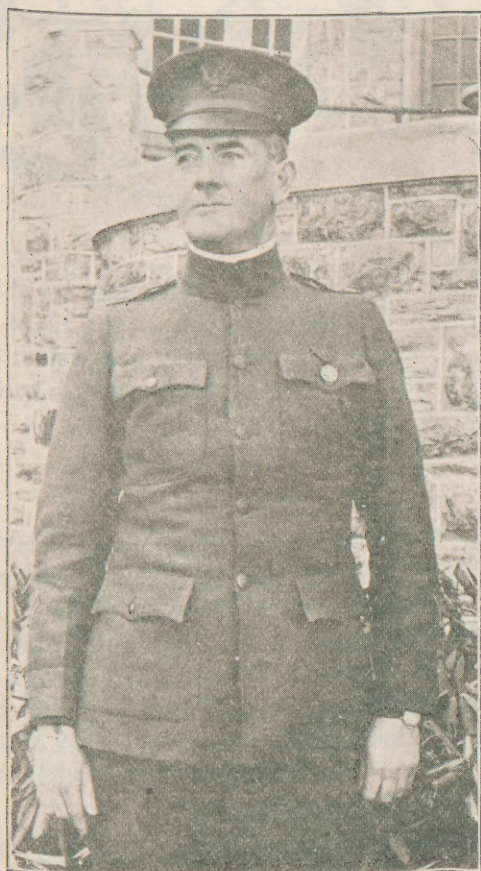
— BUY W. S. S. —

Benjamin Franklin said: "Look before or you'll find yourself behind." Budgets make margins for W. S. S.

For Your Information

See All, Hears All, Knows All

(By THE OBSERVER)



**CHAPLAIN GEORGE T.
McCARTHY**

DURING the past week a very distinguished Army Chaplain has been admitted for treatment at this institution. Chaplain George T. McCarthy of Harvey, Ill. Chaplain McCarthy is one of the many chaplains that took a great part in the recent worlds war and on being interviewed, the only statement that could be rung from him was that he wanted to go back to duty as soon as possible. He was very reluctant about giving any information about himself whatever, but the reporter was fortunate in getting a clipping from the New York Times, dated March 8, 1919, that was in the possession of one of the Chaplain's friends. We quote in part the Times' article: "Chaplain George T. McCarthy, 12 years pastor of the Catholic church of Harvey, Ill., and whom General Pershing himself commissioned a captain and senior Chaplain of the 7th Division in France, has arrived from overseas. To Reverend McCarthy had fallen the lot of min-

istering to the wounded and burying the dead on the battlefields as the 7th Division and regulars fought their way relentlessly thru line after line of intricate German defense. He had buried all the Division's dead, killed in France, under heavy shell fire, digging graves and covering bodies while he prayed for the souls departed. For ministering to the wounded where German shells and machine gun bullets swept the field of battle on November 10th, at Rembercourt, he was decorated with the Church War Cross. Before that, he was gassed at Boise de Prete, October 15th, and twelve days later his arm was broken by a burst of sharpnel at Vieville."

Chaplain McCarthy held services in the Knights of Columbus room on Sunday, last and preached a short but very eloquent sermon, touching somewhat on the recent scenes of the battlefield.

The Reverend McCarthy has been assigned to General Hospital No. 28, Fort Sheridan, Ill., for duty, on his release from this hospital, and the best wishes of all his friends go with him to his new post.

— BUY W. S. S. —

TEN ARMY HOSPITALS TRANSFERRED

Ten Army hospitals with equipment, buildings and land have been transferred by the War Department to the Treasury Department, for the use of the Public Health Service, in accordance with Act 326 of March 3d. The location of these hospitals is as follows: Camp Beauregard, La.; Camp Cody, N. M.; Camp Freemont, Calif.; Camp Hancock, Ga.; Camp J. E. Johnston, Fla.; Camp Logan, Texas; Camp Sevier, S. C.; Camp Sheridan, Ala.; Dansville, N. Y.; and Plant Perryville, N. Y.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Lincoln said: "Teach economy." That is one of the first and highest virtues. It begins with saving money. Thrift and War Savings Stamps mean saving money without hoarding.

NURSES DANCE

We are very pleased to hear that the dance for the nurses this week was much enjoyed by everybody present. We hope to do more of the kind for every one at the post later on.

— BUY W. S. S. —

The race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong, but the bank account is always to the truly thrifty. Buy W. S. S.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Thriftlessness is shiftlessness. Put those careless coins into Thrift Stamps and those Thrift Stamps into W. S. S.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Everyone knows a few persons who spends carelessly, yet would be very angry if anyone cast a doubt upon their patriotism. Thoughtful spending means something over for Thrift and W. S. S.

— BUY W. S. S. —

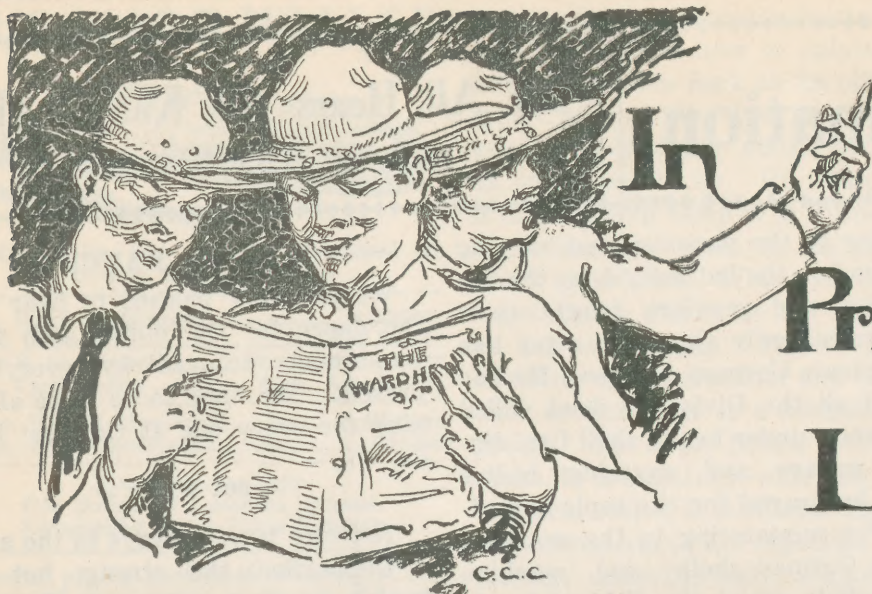
Benjamin Franklin said: "He that loses five shillings not only loses that sum, but all the advantage that might be made by turning it dealing, which by the time that a young man becomes old will amount to a considerable sum of money." Invest in W. S. S. They are the safest kind of investment. The 1919 Franklin issues matures in 1924.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Thrift is a double protection for wage earners. It not only leads to independence, but it produces those accumulations of capital upon which, husbanded and invested by savings institutions, the industries of the country, and cosequently the opportunity for labor must depend. Practice thrift by buying Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps.

— BUY W. S. S. —

"Get ready and the chance will come."—(Lincoln.) Save intelligently and put your savings into interest-bearing, absolutely safe investments—Thrift and War Savings Stamps. Then that chance will find you ready.



In Private Life



Kolbert — Well Jerry how do you feel now that you have your discharge?

Whitestone—I feel as if I had sold the biggest BILL in my life.

Kolbert—What do you intend to do after you leave here.

Whitestone—Oh, everything and everybody.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Muir—To tell the TRUTH ONCE, I would just as soon stay here this summer instead of going back to the hot city.

Bauman—Why you never had life easier and still you are getting paid for it.

Muir—Don't I know it, that's why I am so willing to stay.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Erb—I see that the Nurses are served Tea three times a week at the Y. M. C. A. building.

Haldt—If they would ask a few of the boys it would be a Tea Dance.

Erb—Say, we are supposed to be soldiers not Lounge Lizards.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Anyone wishing lessons on how to drive an automobile, apply to Hallock.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Asheville Man—I think the picture should have a BLUE SUN as it would harmonize with this country so well.

Cobb—(Thoughtfully) I agree with you.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Pratt—I had a wonderful dream last night.

Schmidt—And what was it?

Pratt—I thought I was FREE again.

— BUY W. S. S. —

John DuBlan after a weeks rest at Kenilworth, will resume his social activities by giving a tea dance at the Bandana, Tuesday afternoon, next, at four o'clock.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Kromholtz the candy kid with the candy smile, motored to Biltmore Sunday, last.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Max Stoopack the boy with the claxon voice has recovered from his recent illness, and is out amongst us again.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Monsieur Folsone will lecture on Wednesday afternoon, next, at the new Y. M. C. A., his subject will be Women and Wine, any one possessing any wine, kindly bring it along, so that Monsieur Folsone, can put full strength into his sermon.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Pop Adams will start a dancing class in the near future, as many pupils are wanted as can be had, pop will teach the latest dance called the kitchen glide, it is a good dance and you can easily slide into it.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Joe Curtin will venture a stage career when he gets his discharge due to the fascination of the footlights in the minstrel performance last Wednesday evening.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Heald says it is alright impersonating the girls, but it is pretty embarrassing when the fellows try to make dates.

Sergeant Doty will make his debut in society very soon as the plans for his coming out party are well under way, definite announcements will be made in our next issue.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Hon. E. Z. Pain:—

In the name of all that is lovely, why don't they give the Wasserman family a furlough and bring a few Billy-goats to devour that junk out on the front? There are enough old shacks, boxes and bits of scrap iron to keep them happy for a week or two.

PATIENT ON WARD A.

Patient on Ward A:—

I have noticed that there are a few people here that are always getting someone's goat and no doubt we can borrow a few long enough to clean up the front.

E. Z.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Dear E. Z. Pain:—

Can you tell my why it is that the Q. M. C. boys are getting discharged and being replaced by high priced help and still the Medical boys are on the job for a DOLLAR a day and no sign of home and Mother.

A READER.

A Reader:—

Don't get discouraged and always remember what a wonderful service you are doing for your country, your position here isn't so easy to fill as the Q. M. C.s so stick it out with a smile.

E. Z.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Mr. E. Z. Pain:—

I would like to climb Sunset Mountain but I know a couple of Officer Patients who have made this trip and

have returned with Heart trouble, do you think it would hurt me?

LOVER OF NATURE.

Lover of Nature:—

I don't think the climb will hurt you,, but would advise you to leave behind the scenery that the officers you speak of took along.

E. Z.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Mr. E. Z. Pain:—

Do you suppose the curiosity seekers of Asheville who drive along the front piazza to see the maimed, blind and crippled from overseas would muster up a smile or perhaps a "hello" if they knew that some of us have great, great grandfathers who came from the old, old Southern families?

A YANK.

A Yank:—

Most of the people who drive around the hospital are toruists and as they are paying for what they get it hurts them to smile, but I am sure if you wait long enough you will receive some of the so-called Southern hospitality, its too bad your great, great grand-dad didn't stay in the south. just think how much it would mean to you now.

E. Z.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Bauman—Say Bud this guy they call "Handsome Reaney" around here is some cook isn't he?

Indorf—Well why wouldn't he be? he was the cook in "Max's Busy Bee" in Phila. before enlisting in the army.

— BUY W. S. S. —

A few days ago Private Antonio Cavalieri stepped into the Detachment Commanders Office, and after getting Sergeant Tashof's attention. The following conversation ensued:

"Please Meester Sergeant, excuse please. No drill."

"What do you mean ya can't drill?"

"My uncle—he ees sick."

"What has that to do with your drilling?"

"But my uncle, he ees seek. I can't stand on him."

"Who in the thunder wants you to stand on your uncle?"

"I turn him over. My uncle—see—he is big like a balloon."

And Cavalieri displayed a sprained ankle.

A BUCK PRIVATE'S PARADISE

The bugle call had sounded taps,

And out went every light,

So I hit the hay in my two by six

To sleep throughout the night.

When suddenly a heavenly voice,

The night time stillness rent;

'Twas old Saint Peter's call for me,

And heavenward I went.

It took me just one hundred years,

I didn't travel fast;

But rather like Sea-board freight,

Or a troop train going past.

I wondered why I didn't stop,

'Till I heard Saint Peter say,

"Side-track all the Generals,

There's a private on the way."

At last I reached the Pearly Gates,

In awe I looked around,

For there were forty Majors, all

Policing up the ground.

While in dismay a Colonel stood,

From early until late,

He over stayed his one day pass

And couldn't pass the gate.

Saint Peter came, as I looked on,

And held within his hand,

My service record in

A red-tape rubber band.

He struggled and he sweated,

And he swore a little too,

Before he saw the record, and

With red-tape he was through.

He looked it over carefully,

Then he shouted through the door,

"You've earned your place in heaven, lad,

You joined the Medical Corps;

I know you tried to go to France,

And help write history's page,

It's not your fault you had to wait

"Till death came from old age."

He led me gently by the arm

Through Pearly Gates ajar,

Where Pilsner beer and Haig and Haig

Flowed freely o'er the bar.

From highballs and from cocktails,

He let me have my pick;

And not a drink was Hoover-ized,

Each had the same old kick.

The mess hall was all pink and gold,

With table cloths of white;

And butter there three times a day,

And chicken twice a night.

The Mess Sergeant sat upon the stove,

Where I could plainly see

Him eat the beans and army stew,

He used to feed to me.

No golden harp did I receive,

Like story pictures show,

But instead a silver whistle like

The Sergeant used to blow.

I blew it loudly, only once,

And then upon the scene

Lieutenants in blue denims came

To load the magazine.

I had them searched for cigarettes,

Cigars and matches, too,

And had them carry twelve inch shells

Until the day was through,

And when from lack of daylight,

They came back from their whirls,

They stayed in camp to scrub the floors,

While I had all the girls.

And I could dress in any style,

With any girl I could speak,

And three day passes I could get,

And I took them twice a week.

I drew my pay just when I pleased,

No payroll did I sign;

And fares were just one cent a mile

On Heaven's railroad line.

A hospital was also there,

Where Surgeons weak and strong,

Got three "shots" every morning

And inspections all day long.

One Surgeon who had broke his legs,

Got "salts" and Aspirin pills;

I had him marked for duty

To cure him of his ills.

Then tired of all my wanderings

Upon a feather bed,

I had no thought of reveille,

I'd sleep 'till noon instead.

But all at once I felt a jar,

A voice, in my ear spoke,

"It's 4 a. m.—3rd relief outside,"

And then,—Oh Hell! I awoke.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Oh Raeney, Oh Raeney, I luf but you

No vun could schplit my luf in two

No matter how big und no matter how small

You are the cheapest skate of them all

Katrena Lebowurst.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Adopt for yourself the personal idea of thrift—right saving and thoughtful spending. Include your country's financial welfare by using the National Thrift idea.—War Savings Stamps. Think of yourself and your earning power as a National Asset. There is no finer patriotism than this.



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and Trade Journals

"Y" Employment Project

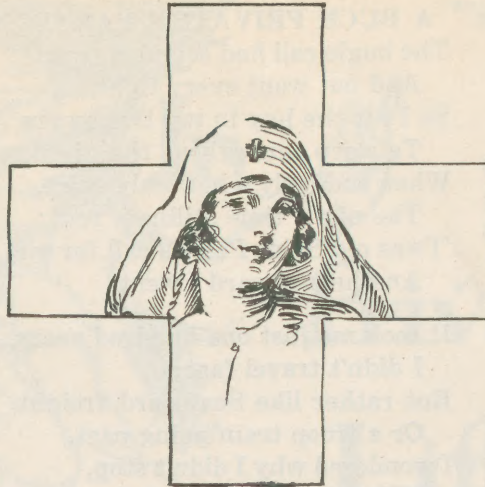
In these trying days of demobilization and topsy-turvy conditions of labor and employment, the soldier, sailor or marine is offered an unsurpassed opportunity to land himself in that particular job he wants, by means of the Y. M. C. A. Employment Service which will see to it that his want ad reaches the millions of readers of the hundred and thirty odd newspapers and trade journals which have practically agreed to print free of charge any and all want ads for men in service and also for those employers who desire to pick men who are being discharged.

The leading newspapers in the following states have patriotically offered free use of their columns for advertisements, submitted through the Y. M. C. A.:

Alabama, Arkansas, Dist. of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Texas, Tennessee, Wisconsin. See Secy. Cobb at 'Y' for further particulars.

— BUY W. S. S. —

The Y. M. C. A. wishes to express its sincere thanks to Mrs. Meader and the ladies of the Presbyterian Church in Asheville for their kindness in making the curtains for the new Y. M. C. A. building.



OVERSEAS PARCEL POST

"We have been informed that the Secretary of War has recommended to the Postmaster General that instructions be issued to postmasters removing the prohibition of parcel post matter for members of the A. E. F., and that parcels not exceeding seven pounds in weight, containing mailable articles, including books, be accepted for mailing without approved requests from the addressee; informs him that General Pershing recommends that all restrictions on this class of matter be removed, except the regular Parcel Post regulation; that the Commanding General, Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J., advises that the Military Post Office can handle the additional mail, which they estimate as 100 per cent increase in second class matter.

— BUY W. S. S. —

PASSPORTS TO EUROPE

"At the request of the war department a rule has been made precluding the issuance of passports valid for European countries to the mothers, wives, or daughters of officers or enlisted men in the armed forces of the United States or of men serving in Europe under the direction of the American Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., or similar organizations.

— BUY W. S. S. —

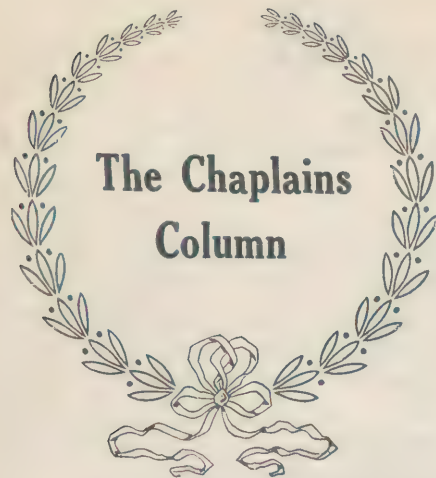
VICTORY LOAN PARADE

The Red Cross truck carrying overseas nurses in the Asheville parade certainly made a hit. Our thanks are due to the hospital authorities for the truck, to Sgt. King and his helpers and to Pvt. Cooley for the decorations and to the gallant charoteer who piloted the craft and its precious cargo.



At the regular Sunday morning service, Chaplain George T. McCarthy said Mass. We were glad to see so many out at the service. These meetings are held for your benefit, so be sure to come out and worship with us.

We had quite an honored guest with us the past week in Mr. Edward Lenahan, of Savannah, Supervisor of the K. of C. work in the Southeastern Department. He brought us some very pleasant news. We have been hoping and trying for some time to get a player piano. At times it seemed certain that we would be successful then it would seem a little doubtful, but he brings us the information that our application has been approved and that the new instrument is to be shipped here immediately. We all like music more or less but it happens that we are not all talented along musical lines. Some of us consider ourselves fortunate in being able to play a phonograph and that is the limit of our musical ability. When it comes to playing a piano most of us are helpless. So to overcome our deficiency in this line the manufacturers have made a player piano which makes the crude piano player an expert. Some one has said that all that it takes to play a player piano is a soft kick of the pedal with the foot. This being the case I am sure that we all will be experts from the start, for all of us are good kickers. We are getting this instrument for your pleasure and want you to use it. Remember our motto, "EVERYBODY WELCOME."



The Chaplains Column

"The Triumph Over Difficulties," as illustrated in the life of St. Paul, was the theme of Mr. Axford's address last Sunday morning.

Rev. Willis G. Clark, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church of Asheville, was the speaker at the evening service and delivered an inspiring message on the subject "Loyalty to God and His Kingdom." Prof. Poppalardo with his violin and Miss Poppalardo at the piano rendered two beautiful selections. Miss Ruth Neely of Asheville sang a solo. The service was well attended and greatly enjoyed.

At the morning service next Sunday Mr. Axford will be in charge. Chaplain Williams will speak in the evening.

— BUY W. S. S. —

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION

If you were in the civil service before entering the army and wish to return to your old position with Uncle Sam after being discharged, this can be readily arranged, unless you have become physically incapacitated. If you have never been in the civil service but wish to secure a good position with the government upon discharge, you have an excellent opportunity, for Uncle Sam is giving decided preference to honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines. If you are interested in looking over a list of two hundred prospective positions paying good salaries, drop into Room 13 on 1-A and Chaplain Williams, who has been appointed representative for the Civil Service Commission at this post, will be glad to show it to you.

TO PHOTOGRAPH HEROES GRAVES

Plans have been perfected by the American Red Cross whereby photographs of the identified graves of American soldiers in France will be sent to the relatives of the heroes in this country.

Several hundred such photographs have already been forwarded to the families of men who died in service overseas, and an announcement from Red Cross headquarters says that the work of obtaining photographs has been speeded up to the point where production from now on is expected to reach about 7,000 every month. The photograph is sent to the dead soldier's next of kin.

The Red Cross has taken over the task of photographing the graves at the request of the war department and is acting under the authority of Lieut. Col. C. C. Price, of the Graves Registration Service. The headquarters of the service is at Tours, France.

Each photograph is mounted in a cardboard frame, one side which contains data concerning the dead soldier.

While all requests for such photographs should be forwarded to the bureau of communications of the American Red Cross, and not to the Graves Registration Service of the army, such requests are not really necessary and will not hurry the receipt of the photograph. Neither will special requests receive any special consideration. Every identified grave in France is to be photographed under a plan worked out by the army, and the photographers will not be permitted to deviate from this arrangement in order to take the picture of any particular grave.

The American Red Cross will forward the photographs to relatives as soon as they are received at headquarters.

— BUY W. S. S. —

A dime to many a young American does not mean 2 nickles or 10 pennies. Money to American youth has value only in that it immediately buys something. Money spent unwisely is gone forever; money put in Thrift Stamps and W. S. S. returns with more.

The Officers Chatter

ISN'T IT AWFUL

That Lieutenant Baker has to take care of 3-C's measles cases in the night time?

That Lieutenant King has to eat liver for breakfast?

That all the detachment men didn't join the QM?

— BUY W. S. S. —

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Lieutenant King promenading with a girl.

Lieutenant Baker walking with a man.

President Wilson in the land of his birth.

Miss Welfley with a scowl on her face.

Burleson lowering 'phone rates.

W. J. Bryan stewed.

The cessation of the Period of the Emergency.

Captain Caldwell dropping a ball in left field.

Lieutenant Havens getting a full night's rest.

— BUY W. S. S. —

ODE TO A DOCTOR

The doctor comes and quickly prescribes;

And then when we are better,
He sends a bill that heads like this:
"To Dr. Cureall, Dr."

For when we're in the grasp of pain,
And he has come and knocked her,
We surely must admit that we
Are Dr. to our Dr.

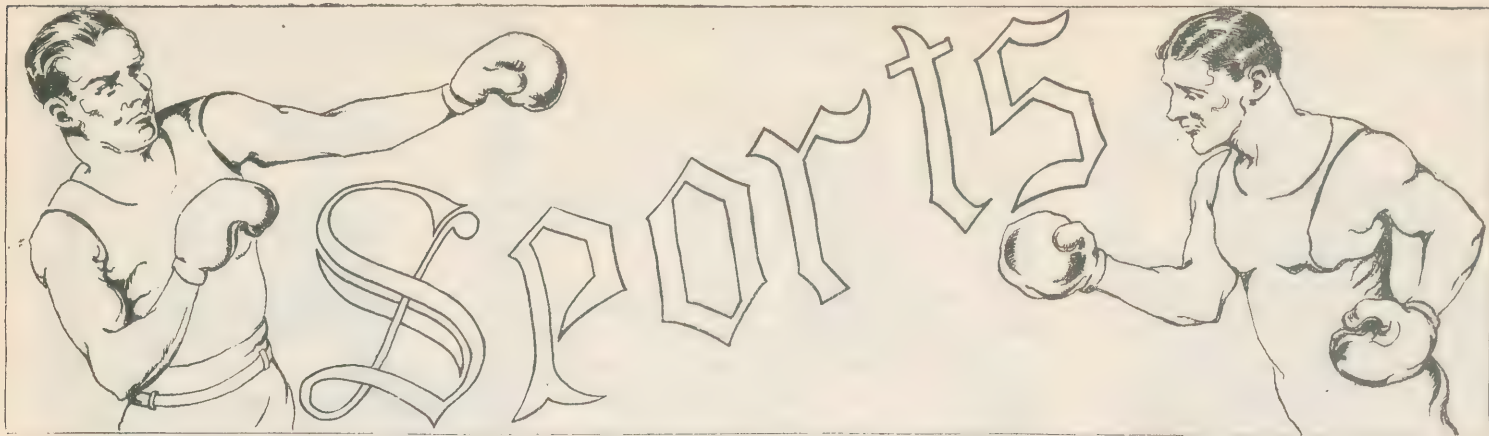
The Doctor's Window.

— BUY W. S. S. —

THE DOCTOR'S HARD CASE

Unsuccessful, full of learning,
He will die for want of bread,
If successful, full of earning,
He will die of work instead.

The Doctor's Window.



QMC DEFEATED BY BLUE RIDGE

The newly organized ball team composed of the QM Dept. took their first trip to Hendersonville Wednesday, last, where they were defeated by Blue Ridge School with a score of 8 to 3. The game was well played and stellar ball was exhibited by both teams. A return game is booked May 10th on the home grounds. Following are the batteries for both teams:

Blue Ridge — Carson, Catcher; Houston, pitcher.

QMC — Swartz, catch; Howard, Roth, pitchers.

— BUY W. S. S. —

KENILWORTH WINS FROM ALL STARS

The Kenilworth hospital baseball team won from the Asheville All Stars, Dave Fortune's team. Wednesday at Oates Park by a score of 8 to 2.

The star work of the game was done by Captain Caldwell in left field, and Sid Williams on second base. Kistner stole home at one time while Fortune was taking a wind up. Two runs were scored off Moleski in the first inning and he was relieved by Mena, who held the All Stars scoreless for eight innings. The game was considered rather slow and uninteresting.

The soldiers did practically all their scoring off Wilson who started the box work for the All Stars. Dave Fortune went into the box about the fifth or sixth inning and fanned practically every soldier who faced him. The All Stars showed a lack of practice. They were up against a team that had been playing together all season. With a week or so of practice and things might be different.

WRESTLING BOUT AT HOSPITAL NO. 12

The patients at Kenilworth Friday night were given a treat in a wrestling bout by two local mat artists, Gottsoff and Charlie Chakles, the two wrestling to a 30-minute draw. The men are trying to arrange a bout for the big soldiers' celebration to be held here on May 8th.

The Kenilworth volley team defeated the Oteen team at Oteen in three games, Friday P. M., the score being 15 to 10, 15 to 8, and 15 to 11. On May 8, for the big soldiers' celebration the baseball teams of Kenilworth and Oteen will stage a contest at Oates Park which promises to be of great interest.

Plans have been made at Kenilworth for exhibition in athletic stunts each Friday evening in the new Y. M. C. A. house to which the general public in Asheville will also be invited. It is the plan to have stunts of general interest given each Friday evening.



"LEGS" BODHE AND HIS GANG

PATIENT'S HIKE

Instead of going through the graded exercises the patients were taken on a short but exceedingly interesting hike Wednesday, which was much to their liking for it broke up the daily 1, 2, 3, 4, stuff. This time the men traveled the famous Oteen road along which the Swannanoa wends its way. After a two mile jaunt the boys took a brief rest and spent some of the time "pegging bricks" at various objects which floated by so majestically in the above stream. This gave Phys. Dir. Bergman who was in charge an idea, and he picked a team for competition in this famous event. Williams, Ward, Bond and Stone qualified as "rock marksmen" and each man was given three "shots" at a stick some fifty feet off, with the result that neither was able to score a "knock-down." Then from some unknown part came a piece of "Irish Confetti" that fairly bowled the target into the drink. Upon investigation it was soon discovered that one of the soldiers had unlimbered the "pebble" that did the trick. Reid was his name and surely he deserves first place for his feat.

Keplow, Hutchison and Magill (kidding each other about being transferred from one outfit to another.)

Hutchison to Keplow—"What kind of a soldier are you any way that you have been transferred so often?"

Keplow—"Why I am a good soldier, they always transfer the good ones."

Hutchison—"So? Well in my outfit they always transferred the scrubs."

Magill—"That must be the reason they transferred you then Huch, I remember you told me you were transferred once."

BIG PITCHING STAFF

New York—Managers who delight in having a pitching staff made up of big men should look over the squad of boxmen now operating with the Yankees. Three of the Huggins Flingers—Shore, Quinn and Schneider—all tip the beam beyond 200 pounds, and Brady is not far from this figure. George Mogridge, though he does not carry as much weight as the others, is a big man, standing 6 feet 2 inches in height. O'Doul also is close to 6 feet in height, and Nelson, the pitcher obtained from Memphis, is a big fellow. Shore is easily the biggest man in the squad.

— BUY W. S. S. —

YANKEES IN NEW UNIFORMS

The uniforms of the Yankees in the 1919 championship race will not differ from the togger of last year, except in the stockings. The white stripe which has been in favor with the owners for some time past will be missing and there will be only one color—blue. The home uniforms will be white, with a pin stripe, and the traveling suit will be of grey.

First baseman Wally Pipp, of the Yankees, is said to be about twenty pounds heavier than he was last year. If he gets that extra heft behind his back, look for some new home-run record.

The new high-jump record of 6 feet 5 3-8 inches made by Chris Larson of Brigham Young University, Utah, recently should be an objective for some of our "high jumping" aspirants at Kenilworth. Keep after it fellows, you'll get there.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Benjamin Franklin said: "All things are cheap to the saving, dear to the wasteful." Save with Thrift Stamps and W. S. S.

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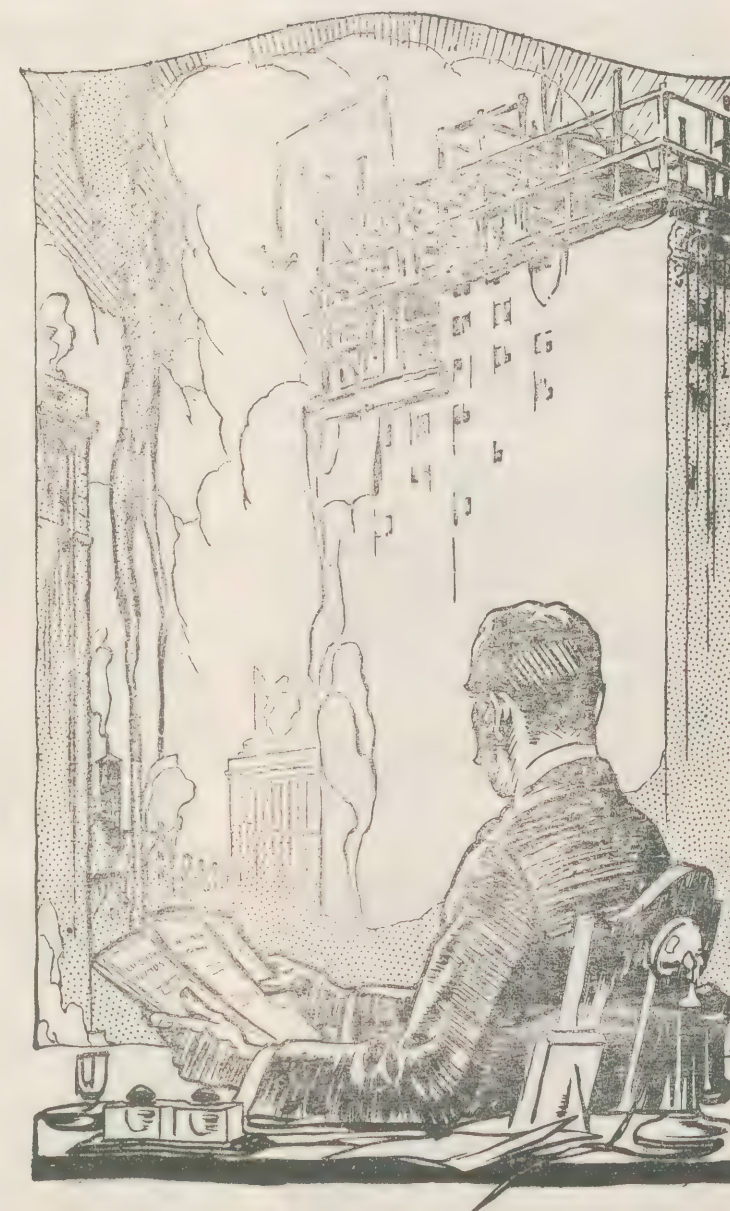
Be a Bondholder of your Country's Wealth; keep money free for Business.

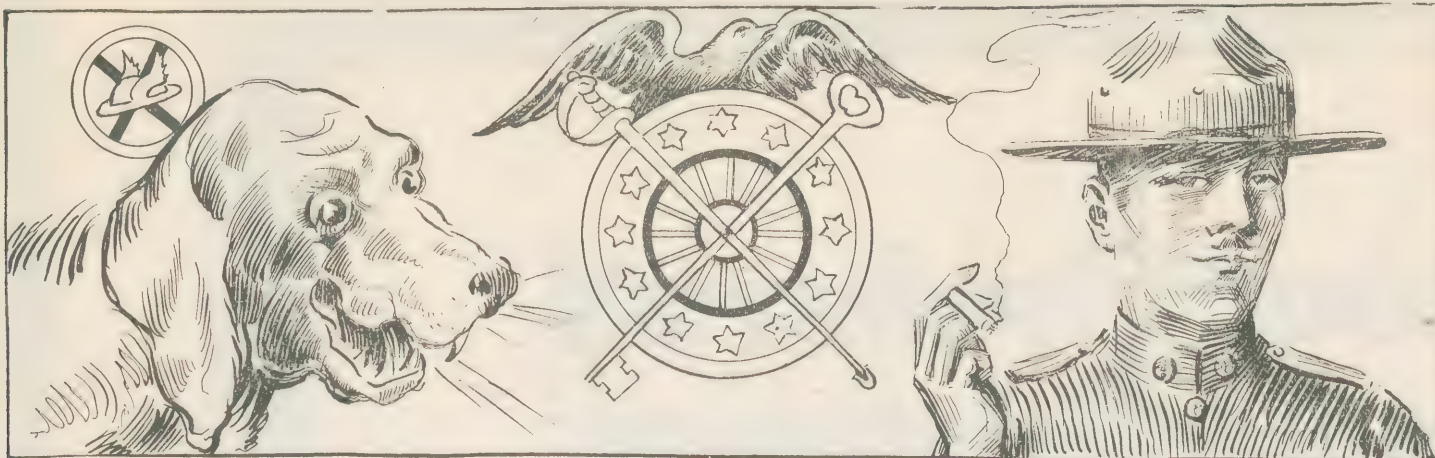
EVERY American has two businesses, his own and his Government's. Money invested in the first will help the second—for it will enable the country to pay its debts and keep money free for the use of business. It will make for prosperity, good times and general satisfaction.

A debt-ridden business is a bad business. The only way to get it back on a firm footing is to remove obligations—wipe the slate clean—and then open the wide!

Money invested in Victory Liberty Bonds is a manifestation of patriotism and good judgment—but business!

Victory Liberty Loan Come





Corporal Root had the misfortune to be thrown from a truck Monday afternoon and was bruised up considerably. He was not able to take part in our ball game and that fact, coupled with the absence of Gerber and the raggedness of the field and other things caused us to loose by a steep score. Details are lacking that would make anymore news of this game interesting.

I was coming out from town the other day over that nice bumpy part of Biltmore Avenue, and the bumpiness and all sorta started me to thinking that life was jest like a road, smooth in places, and rough in a heck of a lot more other places. Lots o' UPS an' downs and jars and JOLTS, an' turns an' twists an' all o' that. Jest then we hit a manhole cover an' I swallowed my gum, and I thought how easy it is for a man to get all stuck up over nothin', an' how disagreeable it is to other folks for a man to be that way. Goin' down hill on th' smooth part o' th' road was fine and I sorta thought how nice it would be to go thru life that away, till we hit a bump and I awoke to the fact that if we didn't have a lotta bumps we'd never be awake to Opportunity, because th' smooth motion would lull us to sleep an' we'd never amount to nuthin'.

As we reached th' place where we were goin' I observed that t'was always well for a person to PICK out an' objective and then do his or her durndest to reach that objective despite th' bumps an' all.

By GOSH.

— BUY W. S. S. —

I'm not so happy today, because I had me such a GOOD time last night. And say, I know that I was not the

only one who enjoyed that Red Cross Crawl the other night up at the Nurses Quarters. I was there, and I saw a whole bunch o' fine lookin' girls and fairly fine lookin' officers an' the like, and believe myself, they were ALL enjoyin' themselves to th' nth degrees. The orchestra was great, the punch was ditto, the ice cream and cake were also, and the whole bloomin' affair was a huge success every way one looks at it. I am hopin' that I'll be attendin' another dance up that away soon.

By GOSH.

— BUY W. S. S. —

There's a big parade and Victory Loan doin's down in this Basheville Village this afternoon, an' th' Military is agoin' to show off to th' festivities, but as is usual at most parades it had to blow up a rain, and bein' as how I had a sorta sore throat I thought I had better stay in. Sorry to disappoint th' public, but cautions, that's me all over.

A bashful sorta cuss, I am, and not so good at wooing, I never was a great success at this so-called billandcooing. I like the girls, and always will. They're interesting critters. But at parties now where they are at, why I am with th' sitters.

It's heck to be so awful shy, an' I do feel it keenly, When I am thrown in with a gal who's beautiful and queenly. My face turns red, I sweat a heap, I find myself awishin' That I was way off by myself, asittin' an' afishin'.

Someday mebbe, I'll overcome this bashfulness o' mine,

An' scare up a bit o' nerve to tell a girl o' mine That she is fine, upright an' fair, an' all that sorta stuff. I like her, but golly folks, this bashfulness is tough.

By GOSH.

— BUY W. S. S. —

The discharges this past week have been numerous. Daniels, White-stone, Rosenberg, Kistner, Bandel and Kossin have received their slips o' white paper and have gone from here back to civies again.

The Detachment men who were so fortunate as to go on the trip to Mount Pisgah will never regret their so doing. Without doubt it was one of the greatest trips ever, and was enjoyed every minute from the start to the finish by every one of the thirteen who went, despite the supposed fatality of such a number.

Starting out at four thirty Saturday afternoon the party arrived at the camping ground about seven thirty, and in a few minutes several "pup" tents had been put up and a great fire was burning in the center of the clearing. Vell Kossin, by mutual agreement was elected chef de occasion, and he sho' filled the job. In a short time after the camp was reached we had hot coffee, eggs, jam and goldfish and believe me folks, that grub was the very finest we had ever known. (Right then).

Up on the mountain the wind was blowing a heavy gale and we first had an idea that we'd freeze plumb to death, but we made a fortunate discovery of a little clearing down on one side of the crest of the mountain right by the side of a fine spring, and entirely surrounded by heavy rhododendron bushes which made such a

shelter that never a breeze could touch us. There we made our camp for the night, and around the camp fire Pep Bergman got in his work and there wasn't a lag in the fun till time to turn in.

Just before turning in High Priest of the Sacred and Misty Order of the BeeVeeDee, Pep Bergman, assisted by lesser satellites, initiated a bunch of candidates into the Order. At this impressive and awesome ceremony, conducted as it was in the very wildest part of the country, the following men were made members and upon them was confirmed the BeeVeeDum, which, because it is very secret and to be known only to those entitled to the secrets of the order, cannot be explained in these columns. The chief swatter, Corporal Sweet was exceptionally good in his role and impressed his candidates very much with his earnestness and dispatch.

The next day we climbed to the top o' th' world, so it seemed and from that point we took in everything, and realized how darn small we were.

At dinner we had steak, and OH Daniel Boone, how good that beef did taste, and how fast it did go. We had some seventeen pounds to start on, but the thirteen of us got on the outside of most of it. We each broiled our own over the fire, and the tang that the wood smoke gave to it can't be beaten by any Chef, anywhere.

Hashagen worried some over the numerous and ferocious wild animals and that, coupled with the thought that a pup tent wasn't much protection in event some whiffenpoof should decide to come in and share his downy couch, may have impaired his sleep somewhat, but from the noises that penetrated the stillness it is believed that his sleep was as good as normal.

Only one casualty marked the engagement. Corporal Sweet having an encounter with a ferocious mountain log, which managed to step on one of his (Sweet's) toes, and which made walking painful.

It was SOME affair, and I can't do justice to it here in words.

By GOSH.

— BUY W. S. S. —

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Druggists

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A TIP for YOUR TRIP

Travelers Checks make money safe to carry anywhere. No trouble to convert them into cash when desired—but quite a hazardous undertaking for anybody but the owner of the checks!

Central Bank & Trust Co.

South Pack Square

IN THE WARDS

There are a number of men in this hospital who wear overseas caps, wound stripes, and other marks of service. There are others who double up their fists when they think of what they would rather have done than scrub bath rooms and wash dishes.

Yet, when a man in skull-cap and goggles each day invades No Man's Land—the little balcony on second floor—they merely fold their arms and grin, and across the distance call in muffled tones, "Tell us how you did it," How do you get that way," "Please, may I come too?"—to all of which there is never an answer.

— BUY W. S. S. —

But he aint got weary yet,
 No, he aint got weary yet,
 Been lying in the sunshine all day long
 And all the time he's singing this song:

Oh! I aint got weary yet
 And I never will, you bet.
 Why, all the nurses that are here
 Come to give me right good cheer.
 If that's hard luck, I jest don't keer,
 For I aint got weary yet.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Far be it from a nurse of the gold chevron to have imagination or conceit enough to want or expect to be called a heroine, but we do expect to have our title "Nurse" given us and not "Gold Bricker.

Nurse of the Gold Chevron.

— BUY W. S. S. —

The nurses from overseas wish to thank the Red Cross for the cordial invitation to the dance given at the nurses' home Monday night.

A Nurse From Overseas.

— BUY W. S. S. —

When people's ill, they comes to I
 I physics, bleeds and sweats 'em:
 Sometimes they live, sometimes they die.

What's that to I? I lets 'em.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Thrift Stamps (25 cents)) are seeds of W. S. S.

IN THE WARDS

DANGEROUS MEDICINE

The mystery in which the doings of a doctor, Scientist, or inventor are clothed, to the ignorant mind, is the occasion, of as many surprises as there are new things. An elderly woman in one of the simple homes in the Tennessee Mountains was sick. The medicine that the doctor prescribed was in the modern, convenient form of capsules. The patient trusted her medical adviser, but regarded the medicine with suspicion. She had heard about the terrible dynamite cartridge. Some time after she had taken the capsules, her daughter inquired how she felt. "Mighty po'ly," was the reply. Don't you want something to eat?" "No." Soon the mother sat up in her rocking-chair. Thinking the attention would be gratefully received, the daughter filled her pipe with fragrant "baccy," and, taking a live coal from the hearth, carried both to her mother.

A scream of fear came from the old woman. "Take it away, chile! Don't you come near me with that fire while I've got those cartridges in me!"

Doctors's Leisure Hour.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Thrift is threefold—wise buying, sane saving, and secure investment. The man who starves that he may save is not thrifty; he is foolhardy; for he destroys his capacity to earn and hence to save. The thrifty man spends wisely, and thereby increases his capacity to earn—and save. Spend wisely, save intelligently, and put your savings into Thrift Stamps and W. S. S.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Common sense saves common cents. Put your common sense into wise buying and you'll have common cents to put into Thrift Stamps and W. S. S.

Office Phone 546 Res. Phone 325

Patronize the firm who gives you the best service at the most reasonable price.



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FORDS AND HUDSON'S

Why not take supper tonight at the Crystal Cafe?



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No. 2—56 Patton Avenue

No. 3—16 North Pack Sq.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

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GEM CLOTHING STORE

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POCKET PIECE SENT FREE TO

Every SOLDIER who has lost a Limb

E. H. ERICKSON ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO.

60 WASHINGTON AV. NORTH Minneapolis 12, Minnesota



A Nurses Experience

—AT—

Chalovs-Sur-Marne

Things don't change with time, our attitude changes; as surely as the moment of the hour hand. Six months ago, it would have been impossible for me to even think of writing of the experience of the moment, while today I offer it gladly for your perusal.

On July the fourteenth of last year a general call from the front lines was sent back for nurses; the stage was set, not only were they ready for the grand rush but ready also for its result, and field hospitals, incognito, erected and equipped with mushroom like rapidity, were stationed as near at hand as wisdom dared to put them and the human touch was added last—at the eleventh hour they called us.

At two p. m. in a ward of fifty convalescent men, the need of "naps" begins to assert itself and a little thing like the droaning of a fly (outside) adds to the soporific effect of everything combined, the two o'clock medication is out, and the nurse in charge, wonders how she can kill time until dinner. I know of no riper time for surprises, and mine came. Having once expressed a sense of unfitness for the stress of first aid work and given my place to a younger, more enthusiastic person, I had thought myself quite decently settled at the base, happy in the consciousness of my ability to mother the boys when the scarlet red turned to dark red. Imagine if you can, my face when the order, "Be ready for transportation to the front in one hour," came along the corridor to me. I was ready as you know, together with three others who considered themselves rarely fortunate. We were under way by about three o'clock, speeding by ambulance to Chalovs-sur-Marne, reaching there at one the next morning. I couldn't furnish much to the conversation, enroute, for my mind was in chaos and as is usual with me at such times, my tongue was still. It was as though I had dreamed of sitting with extended cap, my attention entirely

engrossed with the care of a wounded finger, while countless numbers of mutilated men were pouring down into my apron—so inadequate I felt, it seemed as though my help would be so small as to be deemed worthless. I have grave doubt if ever a soul faced a task with greater humility.

Upon being questioned by the C. O., no, the Major Surgeon, as to what my experience led me to feel confident in, I smiled and said I could scrub well—he assigned me to tent C. I walked over between the wheat noting the beauty of it all and bemoaning inwardly the pity of it all, to find the tent ready and as darkness fell that evening, and the heaps of bodies laid along outside the operating tent thinned, it began to fill.

Picture a darkened tent, a cave, the flap is pushed aside, the rustling of man against canvas warns you that the stretcher bearers are again bringing you someone; you hurry to receive him and note the location of his injuries. My lot that night seemed to include head cases and when the tenth bandaged head was on the last cots' pillow, I was glad, for the strain of wondering how soon which one would flop out on the ground was only an added note. By the way, the one who did fall out, a splendid big fellow, seemed to make better progress than the rest—his mother who lives near me assures me that he is quite alright, so maybe there is something to the old saw about having to fall out of bed to amount to anything.

To be needed by twenty-six men at once for something, sometimes three things, you begin to feel better as I say, for the tent is full and at least they can bring you no more, when Black a double amputation case in the far corner calls, "Nurse, douse that glim, it's a Bosche!," The glim is in reality a glimmer being only a smoky lantern wrapped in a heavy towel and you are loth to humor Black but he yells, "Put that light out I tell you, oh God," and you feel that Black means it. Groping over to him in the dark, you miss his hand, and feel his chest, with the trip-hammer throbbing beneath, a sense of pity for him wells up in you as you marvel that a man without legs can long so for life until he says "I can't bear to be mutilated twice and you begin to understand.

My ward men, splendid fellows, feel their way towards me and one asks me if I have my helmet on. I assure him that the weight would give me headache, and that Davis has mine and emboldened by fear for me, he puts a shaking hand on my arm and reasons volubly with me, to relieve his teeth from chattering. It is a Bosche—he seems so low as to make you look involuntarily towards the pitchy tent roof, the motor stops and a new feeling is born in you—fear. A noise, hellishly near and you breathe again, safe for that once. My former life in by-gone days includes the proverbial hawk and hen with chickens and if any hen feels more dangerously exposed or more terribly, responsible for her charges, I refuse to meet her. Just after the "noise" Black says "You're the bravest little woman ever I seen" and I haven't courage enough to contradict him.

The part we missed, the serio-comic part was seeing the officers and nurses, the last night we paraded, fleeing for their lives, clad in socks and helmets, speeding across the fields with no apparent thought other than personal safety. If I remember rightly the much abused Q. M. was the only man that stood by—was it the C. O's sock one of the boys found next day a good mile from camp, hanging on a briar?

JEAN HARILAND.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Lincoln said: "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow." Nothing finer could be said of this generation of Americans than that it plucked the thistle of waste and planted in its stead the flower of intelligent saving and investment in Thrift and War-Savings Stamps.

— BUY W. S. S. —



ATTENTION! SOLDIERS AND SAILORS!

THIS is to inform you that there is now in process of formation an organization of men who wore the uniform of the United States army, navy and marine corps.

This organization is known as the American Legion, a name decided upon at a caucus of enlisted men and officers at a meeting of the A. E. F., in Paris last spring, but one which must have the endorsement of later conventions.

The enlisted personnel of the army, navy and marine corps is behind it.

Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Lieutenant Colonel Bennett Clark are among the men who are temporarily directing the tentative organization.

The purpose of the Legion is non-partisan; it will keep alive the principles of justice, freedom and democracy for which these veterans fought and will preserve to future generations the history and incidents of their participation in the war and will cement and perpetuate the ties of comradeship formed in the service.

There is a committee of this organization in your state.

This committee wants you to join and its Chairman will welcome a letter from you and will reply to it. By the time you get home there will be a post or "dugout" forming in your own town or city in all probability. You can't afford not to join this service man's organization which will be conducted by enlisted men for all who have served in the army, navy and marine corps.

Each state will elect delegates to an organizing caucus to be held in St. Louis, Mo., May 8, 9 and 10. At least sixty per cent. of the delegates must be enlisted men and a similar percentage must be maintained on all state committees.

The state Secretaries are given below. Write to or call on the one in your state as soon as you get home and he will tell you how to join the Legion. And remember, whether you served at home or abroad you are eligible.

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Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.,
New York, Chairman.

(Continued on page 22)

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LAUNDRY**

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"ON THE SQUARE"

The Busy Corner

PHONES

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Sundries 117

Yours 117

**LET YOUR FRIENDS HAVE A PICTURE
of Yourself Before You Put
on Those Civilian Clothes.**



PELTON STUDIO

Next to Princess Theatre



It Might have been—

“Belgium!” is the thought that leaped to your mind when you saw the ruins of this house—the abject poverty and the untold suffering of this family.

But it *might* have been *your* home—*your* child—*you*!

If only out of gratitude to the men who protected you, buy to your limit in the Victory Liberty Loan.

Victory Liberty Loan Committee

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CITIZENS TRANSFER CO.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY ON SAFE INVESTMENT

(By Anita Day Downing)

"Did you never want to be rich," asked Mrs. Hogan of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"Not in particular," answered Mrs. O'Flaherty, roundeering off a very neat heel on the sock she was knitting.

"I used to think I'd like to be a golden plutocrat. But now I think of the way the salesladies in the stores would feel if they had to make me look slender and fashionable. Poor girls, they've troubles enough of their own with all the war profiteers' wives these days. I'm willing to stay poor and wear calico to save their feelings." She chuckled good naturedly at her own fooling; and laid the sock in the folds of her immaculate and capacious white apron, that she might better enjoy the conversation.

"But why are you asking," she inquired encouragingly.

"I was reading about a man in the paper," explained Mrs. Hogan. "He got two or three shares in a mining company for a law fee, and pretty soon he had a million, just as easy as nothing. It seems just like saving and getting three or four or five per cent on your money was an awful waste of time, when some folks just take a chance and get rich over-night. Mike and me was talking about it just last night. There was a man in Mike's shop yesterday with some oil stock he said would be worth thousands in no time at all, and Mike was wondering if it wouldn't be a good idea to cash in some War Savings Stamps and buy some stock. The man said that two or three hundred per cent in a year would be nothing at all to what we could expect."

During the last part of Mrs. Hogan's speech, Mrs. O'Flaherty opened her mouth as if to speak, once or twice, and when Mrs. Hogan had concluded, she burst fourth, with all the force of pent up indignation.

"Mary Hogan," she said, shaking her finger oratorically, "if I thought you was as great a fool as you sound, not a minute would you be sitting in that chair. It's fearful I'd be that you'd go mad and bite me or something."

"Don't you know," she went on, impressively, sitting on the edge of

her chair and shaking her forefinger nearer and nearer the nose of the astonished Mrs. Hogan, "don't you know if there was that much money to be made, the agents wouldn't be going into machine shops to sell their stock. Wouldn't the Wall Street brokers be just about breaking their necks to get it? And don't you know that the reason that man making a million out of nothing got into the newspaper because there was only the one of him? There's a man that went eighteen days in an open boat without food, and there's a man can climb up the side of a skyscraper, and Steve Brodie jumped off Brooklyn Bridge, and Shakespeare wrote Hamlet, But nobody's ever done it since."

"There's no sense saying that there isn't a lot of money to be made," objected Mrs. Hogan.

Of course there's a lot to be made, and some of it without much to start on," agreed Mrs. O'Flaherty. "But there's specialists in making money just like everything else. It's as much of a trade as riveting, or dress-making or fixing an auto, or being a doctor. We all think we could make a dress, tinker a Flivver, or cure ourselves of the hives, but it takes more than just believing to create a Paris Gown, or fox-trot in an Airplane, or cut a man up and put him together again.

"If it's a real job you've got on hand, hire a specialist.

"The banks and the big business men and such have more sense about making money than you or I'll ever get. When they say that four per cent is good interest, they know what they are talking about. You'd better take their word for it."

Mrs. O'Flaherty had been literally rising to her points. Now she stood over the almost frightened Mrs. Hogan with wrath in her eye, and with the full force of her Celtic enthusiasm.

"And when you talk of cashing in Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps," she thundered, "with the United States Treasury telling you to hold on to them, and paying you to do it besides, I'm almost tempted to tell Mike Hogan to take a shillelah to you. He might beat some sense into your head."

"It was only advice I wanted," pre-

tested Mrs. Hogan, "and not to have my head taken off."

"It's little advice of mine you should be asking, when your Uncle Sam has told you what to do," said Mrs. O'Flaherty, a bit placated.

"You keep putting your money into War Savings Stamps, and when the five years are up, go to a good bank and ask them what to do with the money, if you don't know yourself by that time. But don't talk to me of any of these get-rich-quick-schemes that Mike Hogan brings home from the shop.

"It's every bit as much of your business to put your money into safe keeping as it is to save it, and if you can think of a safer place than the United States Treasury I'd like to hear about it. And if you buy War Savings Stamps, they'll pay you rent for the privilege of taking care of it."

"Thanks for the advice," said Mrs. Hogan, and then a bit wickedly, "You've ravelled out half that heel lecturing me."

"Go 'long with you," laughed Mrs. O'Flaherty, "it was worth it to speak my mind."

— BUY W. S. S. —

"Why is it Sam, that one never hears of a darkey committing suicide?" inquired a Northern Captain.

"Well, you see, it's disaway, sir," answered the negro. "When a white pusson has any trouble he sits down an gits to studin about it an a-worry-in. The firs thing you know he's done killed hisse'f. But when a nigger sets down to think bout his trouble, why, he jes nacherly goes to sleep."

— BUY W. S. S. —

When Thrift comes in at the window, waste goes out the door. Buy W. S. S.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Bud—Hey Barney, why knock a good man?

Bauman — Who do you mean, Rainey?

Bud—Yes.

Bauman—What do you mean, good for nothing?

— BUY W. S. S. —

Since Rosenberg left Wagge has gone around looking like a Grass Widow, cheer up Wagge this War won't last forever.

OUR STORE

*And service at your disposal—come
in and make yourself at home.
What you do not see in the
way of Jewelry and Sil-
ver, ask for, and we
will gladly get
it for you*

Arthur M. Field Co.

Patton Ave. and Church Street

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He don't know much about
transmigration but he knows a
shoe ought to have more than
one sole for economy sake.

We call for and deliver shoes

Phone 600

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MAKE THE STAR MARKET YOUR MARKET



You Need Look no Further Than the STAR MARKET for Fresh Meats
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Instant Auto Service

NIGHT AND DAY

NEW, COMFORTABLE CARS WITH SPECIAL
RATES FOR NURSES AND SOLDIERS TO
ALL POINTS OF INTEREST

Lawton Auto Service

(Continued from page 19)

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Lt. Col. Eric Fisher Wood, Pennsyl-
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Washington — Major George R.
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Seattle.

West Virginia—Col. Jackson Ar-
nold, Weston.

Wisconsin—Major John G. Sals-
man, Madison.

Wyoming—Lt. R. H. Nichols, Cas-
per.

— BUY W. S. S. —

Duet by Hatch and Curtin, "What a
Friend We Have In Adams,"



APRIL 15TH

Is the due date of the COU-
PONS on YOUR bonds of the
FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

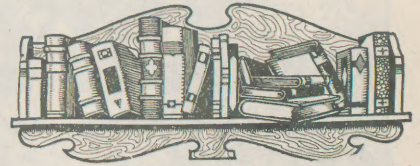
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6 MILES FROM ASHEVILLE

Offers the opportunity of enjoying country life in
Mountain Meadows choicest season, early spring.

A ride or drive through the charming scenery and
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bountifully satisfied by the delicious viands, per-
fectly cooked and served in the manner which has
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Fresh vegetables, chickens, eggs and dairy prod-
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O. H. FOSTER, Proprietor



THE STRETCHER BEARERS

While they're passin' round these
Choix de Guerres an' D. S. C.'s
an' such

There's a guy I'd like to recommend—
he isn't mentioned much.

His job is nothing fancy, an' he doesn't
get much fame

He's just a stretcher bearer, but believe
me, Bo, he's game.

What am I? Why just a doughboy
Perhaps you know my rep.

An' I used to kid the Pill Brigade fer
gettin' out of step;

But since we had this war of ours,
I've seen what they can do,

An' perhaps this little story may explain
my change of view.

I was lyin' there one morning, with
my nose jammed in the dirt,

While the bullets all around me made
the tiny dust-clouds spurt;

Just a-wishin' I was thinner, an'
a-longin' to be home,

Or any place away from there, from
Mexico to Nome.

My pal was lyin' wounded, up a hundred
yards ahead,

An' I knew we couldn't reach him, so
I gave him up for dead;

But two stretcher bearers started, an'
I figgered they were gone;

Still they never hesitated—just went
on, and on, and on.

They just sort o'hunched their shoulders
like it was a shower of rain,

An' they went out to my buddy—an'
they brought him back again.

It's not so hard to face the Boche an'
let him shoot at you,

When you've got an automatic an'
can do some shootin' too,

But those two boys went marchin'
out, without a single chance

Except to push up daisies in some
sunny field in France.

They saw their job an' did it, without
any fuss or talk,

Just as calmly an' serenely as you'd
start out fer a walk.

Believe me that takes courage, an' I'll
hand it to them, then

You may call them non-combatants,
but they're soldiers and they're
Men. —Frank C. Tillson.

— BUY W. S. S. —

'Twas at the army ball
He held her close and
Whispered sweet nothings into her
ears.

And she believed him—
At least he thought she did.

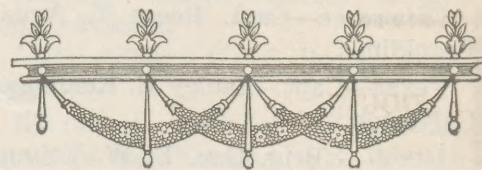
He begged her for a kiss
She gave it and
Told him that he was first
And he believed her—
At least, she thought he did.
Every man in his company

Heard all about
The little peach that fell.
And they believed him—
At least, he thought they did.

And the next day
She wrote and told her finance
How she'd missed him at the dance
And he believed her—
At least, she thought he did.

And the Sammy wrote
The girl back home;
That army life was hell.
And she believed him —
At least, he thought she did.

As you were.



Soldiers Welcome!

The soldier is always welcome here. If there
is any service we can render you, won't you please
call on us?

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CRAB APPLE

BLOSSOM TIME



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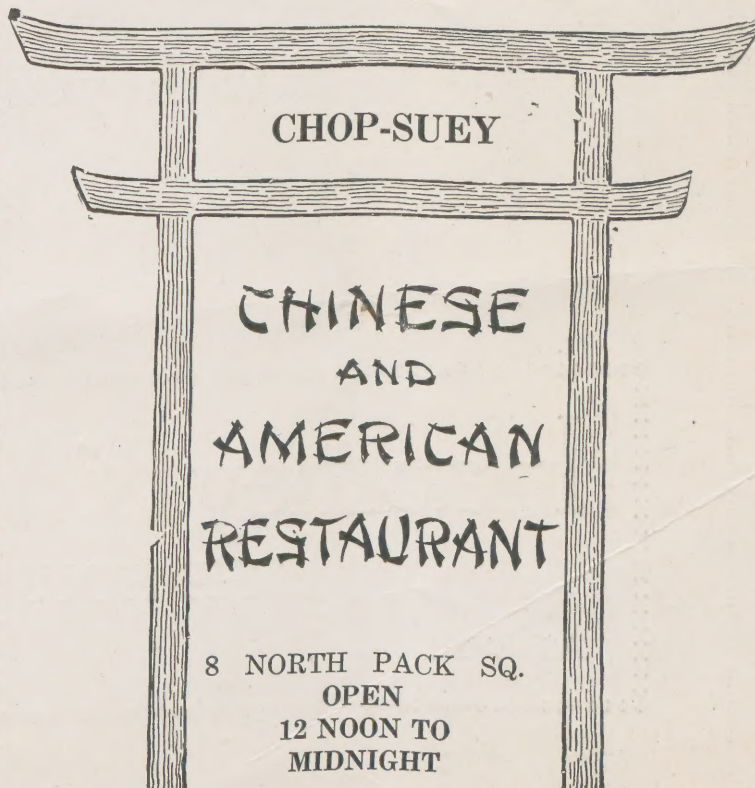
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